

Allie's Aspirations

By Anna Heilman

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"No, Robert," Allie said decidedly, "I cannot give up my dream of years. Neither of us would be happy."

"But," Hobson persisted, "I am willing to run the risk."

"But I am not," Allie returned with spirit, "besides, what a glorious end it would be to all my dreams and all my hard work a college, for me to simply get."

No pen could describe the scorn which she threw into those last two words.

"You surely would not forget your Latin and Greek any sooner simply because you married, would you?" Hobson argued. "I fail to see how matrimony would interfere with any of your aspirations."

"I tell you I will never marry; I am going to try and make the world better for having lived in it," returned Miss Bowen, grandly.

"Don't you think it would be only fair if you were to tell me something of your plans?" Mr. Hobson continued presently. "You have never even given me an outline of your aspirations."

The girl looked at him suspiciously, but his face was perfectly grave.

"Well," she commenced energetically, "when I first went to college I did not think any more about such matters than other girls; but in a year or two I commenced to see what a useless life I had always led. As I saw what nobility there was in the lives of the distinguished women I met at our receptions and reunions, my brain and mind expanded, and then I learned that I could never settle down to a commonplace life again. I thought it all over carefully, and wondered what I was meant to be for. I wished to make no mistake, and I concluded that it was my duty to go and help nurse our soldiers in the Philippines. But the war was ended before I had secured papa's consent, and now I really feel that it is my mission to go and teach these poor, ignorant Filipinos; but papa absolutely refuses, will not listen to such a proposition, and Henrietta

is just as bad. But I think they will eventually give in when they realize how determined I am. It is very hard to have no one understand me," she concluded plaintively.

"I think that such a person as you would be in great demand out in Cripple Creek," began Hobson artfully. "You could visit the hospitals and jails and teach in every mission Sunday school in town if you will marry me. I do not want to interfere with any of your pleasures."

"Pleasures? They are duties! And I mean to show you all that there is something in life for a woman besides marrying."

How beautiful she was! Hobson marveled at the blue of her eyes, and the shining richness of her brown hair. It was with difficulty that he refrained from taking this "new woman" in his arms in the old-fashioned way.

Allie had been in a chronic state of riding a hobby without curb or bridle ever since her return from Vassar. She gave readings and recitations only to prove the capacity of woman for independence. Her father was Clifton's leading citizen, so there was no want of money, but Miss Bowen would not accept a penny she did not earn. She looked on men as creatures to be endured and freely denounced love as a delusion and marriage as a mistake, binding people together so as to have double misery and hardship and only a single chance to rise.

Her father laughed at her good-naturedly; her sister Henrietta said: "You will get over it in a few months, wait until Bob Hobson comes out of the west. The girls were perfectly wild about him last year."

Robert Hobson was not a man who was easily daunted, and he had not weathered two strikes in Cripple Creek without learning a little diplomacy. But the training of four years was not to be broken up in a few days, nor weeks, as he discovered. And the next month he went back to Colorado alone, in anything but a cheerful frame of mind.

Allie's father expostulated mildly once or twice, and her sister Henrietta lectured her soundly, for she knew that it was not every day that the right man falls in love with a girl.

Henrietta's handsome young husband had closed his eyes forever on this world during the springtime of

their lives, and although electing to travel life's journey henceforth alone she desired for her sister the happiness that had been hers for so brief a period.

After Robert's departure Allie did not appear to find the usual pleasure in her various fads. Somehow they seemed less important than formerly, and her plans for remodeling the world were in danger of falling through, when one day as she returned from delivering a lecture on Higher Ethics before the Ladies' Aid society her father entered the room with a newspaper in his hand and asked her if she could be brave.

Instinctively her thoughts flew to Robert, and she held out a shaking hand for the paper.

It contained a short article with glaring headlines, telling that the mining camp of Cripple Creek, Col., had been almost entirely destroyed by fire. Several lives had been lost and many lay at the point of death.

The fire department had proved inadequate to contend with the flames, and the miners had braved bravely to help. One, the superintendent of the Anaconda mine, by the name of Robert Hobson, while trying to rescue some children from the second story of the Palace hotel, had fallen through and was carried out almost lifeless.

That was all. Not a word to tell whether he died after that or not.

"My God, save him and forget me!" gasped the girl, sinking to the floor and burying her face in the couch.

A moment later she was on her feet again; her eyes heavy, miserable, but resolute.

"Father, I am going to start for Colorado to-night! If you cannot go with me, Henrietta will!"

And Henrietta did. In a few hours they were in a Pullman on a west-bound train. They left it for a stage at picturesque Manitou on the morning of the third day, but Allie had no eyes for the grandeur of the mountains; the long journey was a tragedy to her.

All day long the stage, going at a moderate pace, befitting the severe grades of the primitive road, literally climbed into the recesses of the Rockies; traversed deep canyons, and plunged to narrow shelves cut on the side of the rocky barrier. Toward evening it dashed noisily down the side of a steep mountain and rolled into a charred, blackened, smoldering, forsaken-looking place, with only a few isolated cabins left to mark the once flourishing town of Cripple Creek.

In the tent which served for the stage office, the sisters learned where the invalids were being cared for, and thither they went. When they reached the entrance of the shack Allie sank down on the rough step. "I cannot go another step, Henrietta," she said.

It was not necessary, for just at that moment the door opened, and on the threshold stood a tall young man with a bandage across his forehead, a scar on one cheek and his right arm in a sling—a pitiful-looking object truly.

Allie sprang to her feet. "Bob!" she cried.

Henrietta stroled away to inspect the ruins.

"Dearest," Hobson said, when earth and heaven had once more assumed their proper relationship, "your aspirations will be realized after all. I am badly in need of a nurse, and as soon as I'm able to travel we will take Henrietta with us and visit the Philippines—on our wedding trip, you know."

Cocktails for His Tobacco.

Barkeepers, when they become confidential, usually tell good stories, says the New York Tribune, and he is a novice who does not carry bar secrets under his jacket and who does not know stories about the men who come in "to see what time it is." "Now, there," said a white-aproned total abstainer member of the profession pointing to a tin box on the glass shelf, "is one of my regular customers—this tin box." In answer to the look of inquiry he said: "It belongs to a man who never takes a drink, but who smokes a lot of cigarettes, which he rolls himself. Every little while he gets a box full of some particular kind of tobacco and comes here and orders a cocktail of his own invention. He empties the drink into the box, watches the tobacco absorb it; then hands me the box, which I keep till he returns in the evening and takes it home. No cherry goes with the cocktail, and although I've never known the tobacco to curl up and find fault because the drink was too dry or too sweet, I mix it as carefully as I do those for our crank customers."

Shooting a Bird.

In one of the marble quarries of Italy, where dynamite is used for blasting, a boy 13 years old, who got hold of an old pistol, took aim and fired at a bird sitting on the roof of a shanty. Within the shanty was stored a large quantity of the explosive mentioned, and the boy missed the bird and caused an explosion that killed five men and crippled seven. He himself was nearer the shanty than any one else, and yet he received no injury. He didn't mean to do it, of course, but he will probably be locked up all the rest of his life.

Defied Superstition.

Few people will have had the courage to sit down 13 at a table for the greetings of a new year. But five-and-fifty years ago Lord Roberts was one of the 13 who sat down to a dinner on New Year's day at Peshawar.

Eleven years later—though most of them had been through the Indian mutiny and half of them had been wounded—they were all alive. And Lord Roberts is still very much alive.

—London Chronicle.

BURGLAR ROUTED BY BRAVE WOMAN

MRS. VAN HORN DISCOVERS INTRUDER ON RETURN HOME AFTER SHORT ABSENCE.

ENTERS QUIETLY AND GETS GUN

Fires Several Shots at Thief Who Plunges Head Foremost Through Window and Escapes—Police Then Notified.

St. Louis.—Surprising a burglar at work in her home on her return after a short absence, Mrs. Amos Van Horn of Keokuk street got a revolver, chased the man from the house and fired several shots at his fleeing figure shortly after nine o'clock the other evening. The intruder had ransacked the house and stolen \$65 in money. A quantity of clothing and some jewelry which he had packed up ready to carry away was abandoned in his flight.

Mrs. Van Horn and her two small children had gone to a moving picture show in the neighborhood and discovered the burglar on their return. Mrs. Van Horn's husband is a railroad man employed in East St. Louis. He works at night and she is accustomed to being alone with her children.

As she approached the house on her return she saw a light burning in a middle room. Remembering that she had left no light in the house, she at first thought her husband had returned, but decided to investigate before entering the house. Leaving the children in front of the house, she went to a side window and, peering in, saw a man kneeling on the floor sorting out a pile of clothing and other personal effects. The contents of drawers and dressers strewn about the room informed her that the intruder was a burglar.

Going to the front door she opened it with a key and quietly slipping into the house went to a dresser and secured her husband's revolver. Armed with the weapon she calmly walked across the hall to the room where the



Mrs. Van Horn Continued to Shoot at the Burglar.

burglar was at work. As she did so she heard a scramble which told her the burglar was warned of her presence in the house. She threw open the door and ran into the room, just in time to see the man struggling to raise a window.

Leveling the pistol she fired a shot at the man just as he tore up the sash and leaped head first through the window. Running to the window, Mrs. Van Horn, now frightened for the safety of her children who were in front of the house, continued to shoot at the fleeing man as he disappeared in the darkness.

A moment later a dozen neighbors were on the scene and a hurried search was made for the burglar without avail. Mrs. Van Horn called up Night Chief of Police Gillaspay and asked that a policeman be sent to the house. Patrolman Krekier of the Wyoming street station went to the house and made a report on the robbery.

Mrs. Van Horn was quite unable to give a good description of the man as his back was turned when she looked into the room, and she is not certain whether he is white or black. The thief, who had secured entrance to the house by duplicate keys through a rear door, had evidently been at work for some time.

Lugs Wildcat Nine Miles.

Lewistown, Pa.—While trapping on the Black Log mountains Moses Harshbarger of Matawanna found a large wildcat caught by the hind leg. To get the bounty on the scalp, however, his catship had to be transported alive into Mifflin county.

Taking an ordinary phosphate sack Harshbarger fitted a hoop, constructed from a sapling, in the mouth and fastened it in the forks of a small tree. Then, with a pole he picked up cat, trap and all and tossed it into the sack. Throwing the sack over his shoulder he carried the cat nine miles, stopping twice en route to obtain new sacks, as the animal had bitten and scratched its way through the others.

The cat died during the night, and Harshbarger will apply for the bounty on the pelt.

SOLVED THE PROBLEM.

The Simple Secret of Blowing the Big Glass Globes.

Emperor Nicholas wished to illuminate the Alexander column in a grand style. The size of the round lamps to be used for the purpose were indicated and the glasses ordered at the manufactory, where the workmen exerted themselves in vain and almost blew the breath out of their bodies in the endeavor to obtain the desired size.

The commission must be executed—that was self-evident—but how?

A great premium was offered to the one who could solve the problem. Again the human bellows toiled and puffed. Their object seemed unattainable, when at last a long bearded Russian stepped forward and declared that he could do it; he had strong lungs; he would only rinse his mouth first with a little water to refresh them.

He applied his mouth to the pipe and puffed to such purpose that the vitreous ball swelled and puffed nearly to the required dimensions, up to them, beyond them.

"Hold! Hold!" cried the lookers on. "You are doing too much. And how did you do it all?"

"The matter is simple enough," answered the long beard, "but, first, where is my premium?"

And when he clutched the promised bounty he explained.

He had retained some of the water in his mouth, which had passed thence into the glowing ball and then, becoming steam, had rendered him this good service.

PET ANIMALS IN WILLS.

Fortune to "My Red Horse"—Parrot Bequeathed to Queen Victoria.

A. T. Nevbold, the Salford brewer, who has left his greyhound, Wildfire II., an annuity of £25, is one of many testators who have remembered their pet animals in their wills.

A farmer near Toulouse who died a short time ago left his entire estate to "my red horse." One John Spooner of Chicago bequeathed £400 to his dog "in recognition of his sympathy and tender nursing when I was seriously ill," and the will of a Mr. Garland contained this clause: "I bequeath to my monkey, Jacko, the sum of £100 per annum and to my faithful dog, Shock and my well beloved cat, Tib, a pension of £5."

Dr. Christians of Venice left 90,000 florins for the maintenance of his three dogs, a Mr. Harper settled £100 on his "young black cat," and a Frenchman named Souchat left his entire fortune to his tortoise.

A good many years ago an old lady bequeathed her pet parrot to Queen Victoria, with 100 guineas a year for its keep, on the amusing condition that "her majesty publicly exhibits it before her court twice a year to prove that the person entrusted with its care has not wronged its neck."—Westminster Gazette.

All Three Kinds.

There is a village in New England which clings fondly to the customs of the past and has small regard for innovations. Not long ago an old resident died. The lawyer who went up to settle the family affairs stayed overnight at the little inn. He was a dyspeptic and ever cautious about his food. Therefore he looked searchingly at the waitress as she stood at the breakfast table the next morning to greet him.

"I'm—or—obliged to be very careful of myself," he said solemnly. "My diet is extremely limited. What sort of breakfast food have you? That is all I take in the morning except dry toast."

"We have apple, squash and mince," said the girl, regarding him in kindly and sympathetic fashion. "You can take your choice or have all three if you like."—Youth's Companion.

Melbourne and the Garter.

Lord Melbourne seems to have held the title holder in legitimate contempt. The London Chronicle reminds us that once when that statesman was invited by his secretary to grant an interview to an importunate applicant for a title he exclaimed wearily: "What the mischief does he want now? Does he want a garter for the other leg?" Melbourne himself was pressed by Queen Victoria to accept the blue ribbon, but he declined. "A garter," he explained, "may attach to us somebody of consequence whom nothing else can reach, but what would be the use of my taking it? I cannot bribe myself."

Hiding Places of Diamonds.

If the Regent diamond as shown in the Louvre is only a model in paste and the real stone is hidden away, it is a case of history repeating itself, for in 1797 when the Regent diamond was pawned for house furniture to Vandenberg, a banker of Amsterdam, and he was remonstrated with upon the danger of exhibiting it to the public he replied: "The Regent that is in the glass case is a sham. The real Regent is in my wife's stays."—Pall Mall Gazette.

For the Next One.

Nagger—P've put one poor chap on his feet, anyway. Mrs. Nagger—Whom have you been fooling your money away on now? Nagger—Your next husband, madam! P've had my life insured.—London Telegraph.

Tart Advice.

Aged Admirer—Think of all the luxuries a rich husband like me could give you! Miss De Young—Oh, a rich father would do just as well! Marry my mother!—London Standard.

If all men were as industrious as some men are curious, what a busy place this world would be.—Somerville Journal.

DOG WITH STICK OF DYNAMITE CHASES MAN

RETRIEVES EXPLOSIVE TOSSED AMONG JAMMED LOGS—BANG! DOG GONE!

Bay City, Mich.—"Good doggie. Nice doggie. Drop that stick of dynamite!"

Thomas Olmstead, lumber jobber, from his lofty perch in the branches of a towering elm sought to soothe his pet. But the dog only wagged his tail with greater vigor and set his teeth the harder on the explosive he had retrieved from a log jam.

"Drop it, Shep! Drop it!" called William Butler, Olmstead's companion, who had fled to a neighboring field.

When the dog heard Butler's voice, he relaxed his vigil beneath the tree in which Olmstead had



Olmstead Climbed a Tree.

sought refuge. Then he ran toward Butler.

"Bang!"

"Dog gone!" murmured Olmstead, as he slid down the tree trunk.

Olmstead and Butler, who reside at Standish, set out in the morning to break a log jam in the south branch of Pine river. They were accompanied by Shep, noted for his ability as a retriever. When Olmstead tossed a stick of dynamite among the logs, Shep brought it back. Olmstead climbed a tree and Butler dashed to a nearby field.

"When that dynamite exploded," said Olmstead, "Shep just naturally disappeared."

WOLVES HOLD MEN IN TREE.

Hungry Beasts Howl All Night at the Freezing Captives.

Port Arthur, Ont.—Compelled to cling to the branches of a tree all through a winter night, with the thermometer below zero, without food or warm clothing, as one had his clothes partially torn from his back, with a pack of 20 ravenous wolves howling around the tree from dusk until daylight, was the fate of two trappers from this city in Silver mountains.

The men were Patrick and William Murphy. All through the night the wolves kept up their howls, waiting for the treat which did not come, and they did not disperse until daylight came and the men were able to get a few shots at them, killing nine of them, for which they collected \$135 in bounty.

For several weeks wolves have been very ferocious in the woods around here, but no fatalities have been reported so far. The wolves are bold enough to attack men, owing to the scarcity of rabbits and other small animals.

Corpses Rolls on Floor.

Wheeling, W. Va.—When the funeral services over the remains of William Houston were being conducted at McMechen, the floor of the house gave way and the corpse rolled out of the casket and onto the floor and against the mourners' feet. At the time a quartette was singing "Lift Me Up, Oh, Jesus," and a mild panic ensued before the guests realized what was taking place.

Houston was killed on the railroad. On the morning of that day his intended bride, Mrs. Julia Ritchie, former wife of "Bob" Ritchie, the escaped murderer of Michael McGodin, procured a marriage license in the county court here for the ceremony, which was set for that evening.

Sharp Teeth Save Life.

Nutley, N. J.—The sharp teeth of Mabel Swenson, ten years old, saved the life of her chum, Minnie Arnold, when the latter's foot caught in a "frog" while the girls were walking along the Erie tracks near here.

Miss Arnold could not release her foot nor untie the knotted lace. While she was struggling with the knot the whistle of a train was heard. The girls became frantic. Then Miss Swenson threw herself on the ground and with her teeth severed the lace. It required only a second to release Miss Arnold's foot and she stepped off the tracks just a moment before a train rushed by.

American Education Best.

At the examinations recently held in Pekin for official degrees men who had studied in American universities received the highest honors. Out of a large number examined, only seven at the highest degree obtainable, and these five were graduates of the University of California, while the other two had studied in Japan.

WARFARE PLANNED

Against the Baby Farms By State Board of Health.

Toledo, O.—Vigorous warfare is to be waged by the state board of health against "baby farms" in Ohio.

The board met here for the purpose of considering the recent laws passed by the legislature, and the first question taken up was that of licensing certain hospitals and boarding houses. It is the purpose of the board to get into communication with every probate judge and police chief in the cities and towns of the state and to locate these places. They will then compel the proprietors to take out a license or will put the place out of business.

It is stipulated in the Adler act that places of this character must not only be licensed, but a qualified and registered physician and nurses must be in attendance. No license fee will be charged, but a violation of the act will be punished by a fine of \$300 or imprisonment for one year, or both.

WITHOUT GOVERNOR'S NAME

Paine Bill, Providing For Federal Plan, Becomes Law.

Columbus, O.—The Paine bill, providing for return to the federal plan of government for cities of Ohio in place of the present board plan, became a law without the signature of Gov. Harris, by reason of the expiration of the ten days the governor has had in which to consider the measure.

The bill was filed in the office of Secretary of State Thompson by the governor's private secretary just before noon, which was the final act of converting the measure into a law.

It does not go into effect until January 1, 1910, so some of the present members of the city boards elected by the people will not be disturbed until the expiration of their terms.

Gov. Harris has not yet taken any action on the Espy small school board bill. He probably will not sign it, nor is he likely to veto it. Thus it will, in all likelihood, become a law on May 21 by expiration of the ten-day veto limit.

Agree On Scale For Miners.

Athens, O.—The subcommittee of the joint scale committee of the miners and operators of the Hocking district, which has been in session the last two weeks, has reached an agreement, and the same was reported to the general joint scale committee. It is believed by the miners and operators alike that the report will be accepted by the general committee. The terms are not made public.

Baseball Date Won.

Cleveland, O.—Miss Alta Weiss, a girl baseball pitcher, was to have been graduated from the Rogersville high school on June 6, but Miss Weiss will pitch a game of ball at Dayton, O., June 7, so, in order to give her an opportunity to reach there, the commencement date has been changed to May 21.

Inspectors Appointed.

Columbus, O.—State Insurance Commissioner Lerner made the following appointments: George W. Spennan, Fairfield county, was made warden for the department, to succeed Charles E. Moore, Hardin; David Jones, Franklin county, inspector clerk, and E. P. McCorkle, Trumbull county, inspector of building and loan associations.

Wilcox Begins Sentence.

Columbus, O.—Wm. Wilcox, former superintendent of the Municipal Light plant, began his four-year sentence in the penitentiary for grafting. Wilcox, with the agent of a lumber company, who is serving a similar sentence, issued false bills and vouchers for poles that were never delivered.

Story of a Stone.

Bellefontaine, O.—Forty-seven years ago, when Wm. Botkin, of St. Marys, was 12 years old, he noticed a peculiar hole in the trunk of a maple tree, into which he and his brother threw a stone. Last week the tree was cut down, and the stone was found imbedded in four inches of wood.

Troops Fired Upon.

Columbus, O.—A patrol of Troop B, of Columbus, was fired upon from a farmhouse near Higgsport. The owner of the house, James McAfee, was arrested. He claimed he thought the soldiers were burglars and fired upon them for that reason.

A Widow's Find.

Chillicothe, O.—Mrs. Kate Daily, the widow of Ed Daily, a merchant of Bainbridge, while cleaning the cellar at her home came across an old bread can buried just under the floor with \$700 in it.

Applied Torch Under Troops' Noses.

West Union, O.—Night riders applied a torch to the large barn of Wm. Shell, four miles west of this city, almost under the very noses of soldiers under command of Capt. Darnell. The property loss is \$3,500.

Ohioans Buy Paper Mill.

Hamilton, O.—A party of Middle-town capitalists bought the old Tytus paper mill at Middletown from the United States Boxboard Co. and will improve it at a cost of \$150,000. It will give employment to 150 men.

Gets Fifteen Years in Pen.

Dayton, O.—Fifteen years in prison was the sentence imposed by Judge Brown on Hiram Huffins, 58, convicted of criminal assault. The county authorities claim to have evidence connecting him with assaults upon girls of tender ages.